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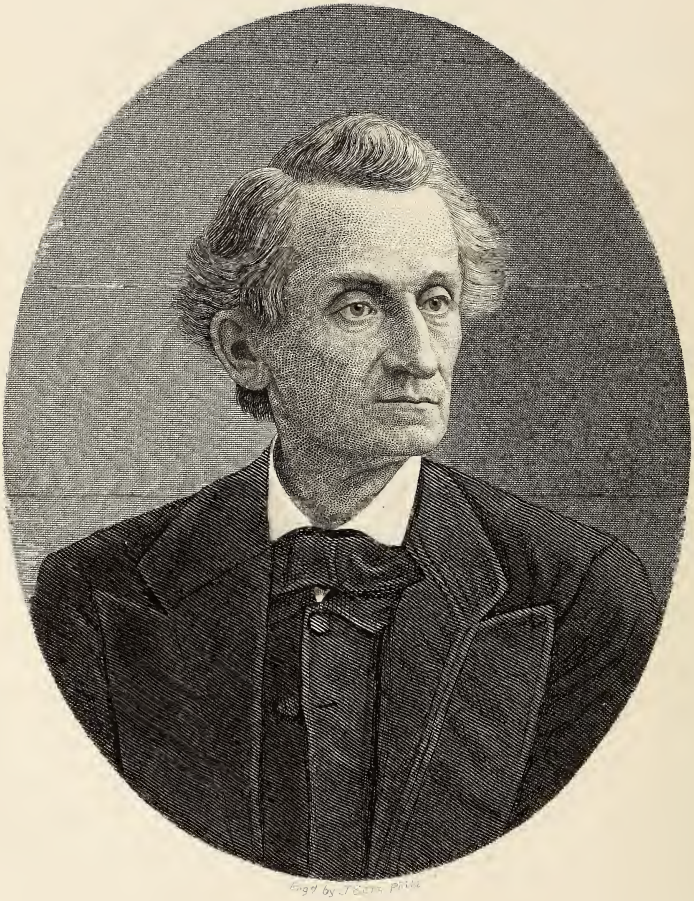

E. R. Beadle

REV. ELIAS ROOT BEADLE, D.D., L.L.D.

MEMORIALS

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MEMORIAL SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

JANUARY 25, 1880,

BY

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D. D.

Prov. xvi.: 23.

"The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips."

"MOUTH," "lips," "tongue," "words,"—there are wrapped up in these such possibilities of power, that in Oriental imagery they often stand for all agency. How this is rung out in the Proverbs:—"He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life." "He that openeth wide his lips, it is ruin to him." "The words of the wicked are to lie in wait for blood; but the mouth of the upright shall deliver them." "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." "Whoso keepeth his mouth keepeth his soul."

Certainly, speech is the great instrument of power with man. The tongue is a little member, but it is capable of doing most numerous and most mighty things. Talking is the trade of the race. To talk well is to have power. To talk supremely well is to be at the summit of power. Whence, then, comes supremacy of speech? This is no light question for any man with a tongue, and the possibility of its use. It is the question of questions for all ministers of Jesus Christ, whose sole commission it is to preach, and who are nothing if they have not a mouth.

Whence comes supreme speech? How shall the mouth be taught? Who or what shall be its chief and best teacher? My text tells us:—"The *heart* of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips." "Wisdom" in the Proverbs is substantially piety; the wise are the pious. "The heart" is the affectional nature, but something more; the whole broad, deep, inner realm, where live, and move and have their being, the qualities so determinative of character, and so decisive of influence, and which must come to the lips when God's truth is spoken, in order to have that truth linked with and made potent by personality. This is the heart to which the mouth must go to school. And this same heart "addeth learning to

the lips," by increasing the learners, *i. e.*, it wins a wider hearing for the mouth by giving it sweetness of speech, by putting such magic elements upon the lips as to compel men to listen to their talk. It attracts listeners, and so increases instruction. It makes more wisdom to be taken, by increasing the charm of the wisdom to be taken. The head is also the mouth's teacher, and without a doubt it teaches some brilliant, grand things; but the aroma of speech, the glory of speech, the divine of speech is from the heart. For the heart is the man. God lays the beams of his chambers there. Hence the command:—"My son, give me thy heart." The heart carries everything with it. When that is surrendered, all is. Hence, the proverb:—"A wise man's heart is at his right hand." "Right hand" symbols power, and a wise man's heart is the source and seat of it. "Wisdom is," indeed, "the principal thing," and "the price of it is above rubies." And wisdom is commonly supposed to be a matter of the brain. But the Scriptures say that the beginning of wisdom and the instruction of wisdom is the fear of the Lord. And where is that lodged!

The Greeks sought after wisdom, and Paul gave them Christ, the wisdom of God. In Christ were hid all the treasures of

wisdom and knowledge. Yet in him wisdom never overtopped love; or, rather, love was his chief wisdom. Men never forgot his gentleness in his grandest displays of power. Nay, in the depths of his infinite tenderness and sympathy and brooding compassion were the very hidings of his power. His heart taught his lips, and gave them their wonderful rhetoric. His *suaviter* was his *fortiter*. They were all amazed and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth; for never man spake like this man. His word was with power. Outcasts heard him, and felt that here at last, in his great heart, and in the heaven he preached, there was room for even them. Lost women heard him, and felt they need not be lost, and they bathed his feet with their penitent tears. But could the brain ever have put such sweetness, and yet such might of power, upon his lips? Surely not. A sympathetic intellect is a contradiction. The winning, persuasive, love-commanding, and inspirational elements of personality all drop out of speech when the mouth has only the head for its teacher. The thought may be clear, weighty, even magnificent. But so may be the charity administered at arm's length, in a kind of lordly state, reminding the recipient, in every incident of its offer and reception, of the gulf between. The charity after

this sort, however magnificent, gets poor thanks. Why? Because the way to gratitude is through a man's heart; not through his pocket or stomach. But let sympathy flow along the channel of that beneficence, put a human heart in it, and though you diminish the proportions of the charity until its grand magnificence wholly disappear, it will call out instant and most hearty thanksgiving, full of joy and full of tears. So the thought of the mouth which has been taught by the head only, however brilliant and magnificent, is a cold abstraction. It lacks the warmth and glow of personality; it is light without heat. It, therefore, commands nothing, wins nothing, kindles nothing, wakes no response. The mouth has been at the wrong school. It must be taught of the heart if it would have its thoughts speak and its words burn.

The Apostle puts "the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ" together, as if they were an equal marvel. But the patience is even the greater marvel, for it is the way to the kingdom, and the cause of it. It is by and through the patience that Jesus *comes to his kingdom.* It is the infinite patience and the kindred graces, put by his divine heart into his lips, that has given his word such power.

And this is our road to power. See where Christ let his

benedictions fall. He never once spoke a beatitude on the brilliant in intellect, or the profound in thought. He went deeper. He was after root things—basilar things; he was intent on the foundation stones of character. The heart, the heart, he rained his benedictions there; on meekness, purity, gentleness, forgivingness, sympathy, patience, compassion, tenderness, and suffering love. It is not my wish to belittle thought, or to abate by the faintest shadow those splendors with which the head is crowned. I would not bring the intellect down from its high seat, but I would give the heart a higher seat. I would place it where the Word of God places it:—"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." What mind? The mind to think great thoughts? No! grander than that—the mind to give the grandest thoughts expression in most compassionate word and deed; the mind to become poor though rich, that through the poverty others may be rich; the mind that led Jesus, who knew he was come from God, and went to God, and was God, to take a towel and gird himself, and wash his disciples' feet.

It is vital, indeed, that the mouth should have the head for a teacher. Else the mouth will be the merest "babbler"—σπερμολόγος, the Greeks had it—a picker up and peddler of

vain and empty talk. But if *only* the head teach the mouth, the potent spell of speech will be wanting. Men may admire, but they will not surrender. Men may wonder, but they will not be won.

The chief glories that are given to the utterances of the mouth through the teachings of the heart, are these :—Courtesy, courage, sympathy, devotion, inspiration, and as the sum and crown of these, *power*.

Courteous speech is born of the heart. There is a courtesy that goes no deeper than the letter, whose polish is wholly on the surface, a "dissembling courtesy," tickling where it wounds. Malice often wears it as an outergarment. There is a studied courtesy of speech that comes from culture, that is plausible and polite, that never allows itself to forget good breeding. But the lips that are taught of a consecrated heart, are courteous as by instinct. The honeyed sweetness grows on those lips—it is not laid there. For courtesy of the true sort is φιλοφροσύνη, kindly mindedness ; and therefore flows to the lips from the heart. Instead of being an outside thing, it is born in the very depths of the spirit. If nature has already made room for it, grace so fills and perfects the honeycomb

that the sweetness dropped from it through the lips adds to the savor of instruction and gives a graciousness to speech that is not weak and effeminate, but is more than manly, for it is divine. The perfect example of loving-minded speech is that of Jesus, and so "the highest sort of Christianity is a courtesy that never flags."

Courageous speech is born of the heart. There is a courage that voices itself in brutal, bullying insolence and violence. There is also a courage that flouts at danger and death. But bravado and wantonness are not on the lips of true valor. Brave men in battle do not boast that they are not afraid. There is a courage still higher, that makes no boasts, while yet it dares and risks and suffers, but it is chiefly physical. Higher, even than this, is the height of true courage. Ben Jonson, in his conception of it, was well toward the summit when he said :—

> "Fear to do base, unworthy, things is valor:
> If they be done to us, to suffer them
> Is valor too."

Put Christ into that terse apothegm and you have courage at its best. It is moral courage, Christian courage, courage of

conscience and conviction, courage to speak the truth at whatever cost. And the lips must be taught of a heart in great fear of God to speak after this fashion. Does the mouth get such teachings from the head? Do we ever speak of a courageous or a cowardly brain, of a brave or a poltroon intellect? These are adjectives of the heart.

Sympathetic speech is born of the heart. What is sympathy? It is a subtle something you will hardly find in the dictionary. It will not be defined by our poor speech. But take an approach to it—in the Greek, *συμπάθεια* from *συν πάθος* "pathos with" —suffering together. Take the Latin, *compassio*, "passion with"—suffering together. In either case, sympathy—that bathed and flooded all Christ's speech, that gave so many of his deeds and words a tender and tearful pathos, and that has made him forever a high priest, that is able, *συνπαθῆσαι, to be touched with the feeling of* our infirmities.

Whence comes this subtle, winning quality of speech that makes words tremulous with tears and gives them such rare persuasiveness? Passion, co-passion has but one home; the mouth that would enrich its talk with the charm and glory of sympathetic speech must go to school to the heart.

Devotional speech is born of the heart. We all know that there is not only a spirit of devotion, but a fitness and appositeness of verbal form for devotion. This deft structure of sentence, this happy choice and posture of words in prayer, and this indescribable aroma of devotion that pervades the prayer and pervades the sanctuary when some men of God stand between God and their people, giving to all, as by some breath from heaven, an uplifting sense—is this the work of an intellectual rhetorician and a pulpit perfumer, manufacturing pretty sentences with his head and flinging incense from his tongue as they fling it from censers? Is it not rather the heart opened wide God-ward, as seeing Him who is invisible, and in that divine beholding learning the secrets of devotion and fellowship, and so touching the lips and teaching them their heavenly skill?

Inspirational speech is born of the heart. It is the heart stirred, thrilled, set on fire by great ideas, that sets the lips afire. Passion is eloquence. Argument with pathos means mastery. There is no battery in the head that will account for the electric effects of impassioned oratory. Ideas alone are not what make, in public speech, a real action of will on

will, a bearing in on men to carry their judgments and their hearts; but ideas aglow with the fire of enthusiasm, throbbing with the fervor and magnetism of exalted feeling. It is wrestling energy of heart that gives wrestling energy of style.

Thus far, in lifting memorial tablet here in this hallowed place, we have named no name. But I am sure a name has been all the while at the very door of our lips. Thus far we have been outwardly busy with an idea. But all the while I am sure our hearts have turned instinctively to a *person* as the illustration and embodiment of this idea. Somebody has said, "ideas are the persons of the intellect; persons are the ideas of the heart." Certainly nothing less than truth in personality will satisfy our hearts this day. Who is the person? Whose the name? Whose great heart so taught his mouth that its speech took on a courtesy that never flagged, and a courage that never blanched, and a sympathy that kept the tone like sweetest music, and moist with unseen tears, and a devotion that so often gave wings to listening worshipping pilgrims who had grown tired and foot-sore, and an inspiriting power that Sabbath by Sabbath thrilled men and women, lifting them

ever out of lower levels to something higher and more Christ-like—whose but the heart of ELIAS R. BEADLE, your beloved Pastor and our beloved friend, and God's beloved saint and son? It is *in him* that God has set anew the great truth that "*the heart is the man.*" It is *in him* that God has glorified *quality of character* and given us once more a nearer approach to the one divine model of manhood than is possible to pure intellect in its loftiest attainment.

Let us look now a little in detail at his life. We may thus better see the man that lived it, and the character that was built in it.

Dr. Beadle was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., October 13, 1812. He there, at the age of seventeen, first publicly confessed Christ, he and his mother uniting with the Church on the same day. About a year later, at a neighborhood prayer meeting, a prayer he offered so impressed a stranger in town attending Court,* who had strayed into the meeting, that it led to a personal interview, and to such counsel and substantial encouragement as to induce young Beadle to begin at once preparation for that ministry for which the Church has now so abundant reason to thank God. A serious illness

* Judge Alvan Stewart.

at this time left him in feeble health; and here began that struggle with physical weakness which continued until he died, and which made his whole life an unending battle. Parts of two years were spent with a class in theology studying under Dr. E. N. Kirk, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, at Albany, N. Y. He then accepted an appointment at Utica, N. Y., under the American Sunday School Union, and there in 1835, at the age of twenty-three, he was licensed to preach. At Buffalo, N. Y., the next year, he was ordained. Broken in health by his unceasing labors as a city missionary, he undertook the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Albion, N. Y., where he remained two years, when with a heart aflame with missionary zeal, and a body somewhat restored in vigor, he offered himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to go to any field where a missionary was needed. He at once received an appointment to the Druses of Mount Lebanon, Syria, and sailed June, 1839. Upon reaching Beirut he found war broken out, and his designated field closed against him. For three years and more he was changed from place to place in Syria, waiting for that Druses' door to be opened. He then went to Constantinople. But the necessity of acquiring a new language, and

the effect of the climate made it seem to him advisable to return to his own country.

The following year he visited New Orleans, both to recruit his health, and to deliver a course of lectures on Syria. He continued in that city nine years, in labors abundant and most fruitful, in zeal ardent, in perils oft, amid epidemics and panics, sicknesses and calamities. Once at least he passed through the yellow fever plague, suffering sore bereavement in his family and among his friends; but everywhere through it all he made "the chamber of sickness the chapel of devotion," and helped many a plague-smitten sufferer the dark way through by the solace and balm of his tender ministry.

Three Presbyterian churches, the Third and the Fourth and the Prytania Street, were the fruits of his missionary zeal; and of this last church he was the pastor from its formation until he was called to Hartford, Connecticut. While at New Orleans he was intimately associated with the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, both in missionary work and in establishing and conducting the "*New Orleans Presbyterian.*" Dr. Scott writes of him:—"It is not possible for me to find language adequate to "the expression of the mutual sympathy and love that existed

"between us through so many years of sorrows and trials, and "yet of great successes, in New Orleans, in building up and "multiplying our churches in that city."

At Hartford, where he was settled in 1852, he found the Pearl Street Church just formed. The young organization was full of fresh and commanding vitalities. The young leader had just passed his fourth decade. His New Orleans experience had deepened the tone of his piety, but it had not weighted his buoyancy.

> "The good are better made by ill,
> As odors crushed are sweeter still."

And the enriched sympathies and enthusiasms of his nature soon won for him wide and joyful hearing, and through that hearing an almost passionate affection. His church grew. Young men crowded the galleries. Able preachers, like Doctors Hawes, Bushnell and Clarke, filled the pulpits around him. But few men have ever been loved by all classes as Beadle was loved in Hartford. In the intellectual fellowship of those pulpit giants the public gave him no mean place. In the sacred confidences of spiritual experience multitudes gave him supreme place.

But the waters were not all smooth in those ten beautiful

Hartford years. He drew upon the body so that one day the body refused to honor his draft, and told him he could no longer have vitality on those terms. He was eight months in the West Indies repairing broken and wasted tissue. No one thought he would ever preach again. But back he came, and taking up his toil, he went on with it, with the same old zest.

Once more the Hartford waters grew rough. It was in the intense excitements of the early Sixties, when the blood-red hand of war was lifted in the land. Words were spoken and positions taken that men, in their cooler moments, would not and did not justify. The result at last was Dr. Beadle's resignation. Thus was terminated a pastoral relation which, I am assured by one conversant with the facts, was "remarkable "for the strength of its attachment on both sides, and for its "manifold results of good."

The year following his resignation was spent abroad. Upon his return, in October, 1864, he received a call to the First Presbyterian Church, in Rochester, N. Y., but the climate proved unfavorable, and he never assumed full pastoral care of the Rochester Church. The next Autumn he was called to the Second Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadel-

phia, and over this historic and honored charge he was formerly installed Nov. 12, 1865, having just crossed the threshold of his fifty-fourth year. Here he planned and toiled thirteen years, in the fullest maturity of his powers. When he accepted the trust the church was still worshipping at the old site on Seventh street. The situation was not promising. To use his own graphic words:—"The old prestige was gone. "God had evidently said by his providences long before, "'*Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.*' It was almost "melancholy to see the fragments of these ancient and hon- "ored households gathered around the ashes of the fires which "their fathers had kindled, and which long ago had gone out."

He found the church waning in numbers, struggling against the drift of business, and the tide of peoples, with little enthusiasm, bad environment, a doubtful future. He left the church gathered within these stately walls, with greatly augmented and augmenting numbers, with bounding enthusiasm, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. This outward material temple lifting itself toward heaven in cruciform lines of stone is the fittest monument of his capable and conquering zeal. Upon the polished living stones of this inner spiritual temple is writ his best memorial.

But his labors were not limited to his own church. Coming to this Metropolis, whose vast civic and industrial enterprises are more than matched by her educational and scientific institutions, and by her multiform organized charities, he was immediately summoned to various positions of trust, and to the discharge of delicate and responsible duties far beyond his parish. He became at once an active working member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was early elected a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and held the position until his death. He was actively interested in the Institutions for the Blind, and for the Deaf and Dumb. He knew the unsyllabled speech of the mutes, and could talk with them through his finger tips. He manifested the same interest in the House of Refuge, and when addressing the rough waifs within its walls, could hold their restless, wild natures as few men could. The prisoner also received no small share of his attention, and after his death one of the most beautiful memorial flowers, laid in tender tribute on his great, still heart, was placed there by a Roman Catholic, actively associated with him in "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons." All deserving charities appealed most strongly to his compassionate nature. He gave to very many

of them official presence and influence; and no one of them all ever got from him a heartless advocacy. Let the words of his associates in the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania testify to the place he won for himself in the City, outside the immediate circle of his parishioners. In their tribute to his memory, after affirming his "wise and healthful influence" over their official proceedings, the Trustees further say:—"Possessing large intellectual gifts, which he sedulously "cultivated, versed in a wide range of human learning, a sci- "entist of recognized position in several specialties, a theolo- "gian of eminent ability, and at the head of a large and influen- "tial congregation, who loved and honored him for his pulpit "power and pastoral care, Dr. Beadle stood before this com- "munity a public man of the highest character as a citizen, as "a scholar, as a clergyman."

Thus he stood in this place on a Sabbath morning one year ago, the souls of his people knit with his soul, as "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." They had toiled and prayed together thirteen years. They had seen dark days. But that day was bright with hope, and vocal with the song of victory; for it was officially announced that the en-

tire debt contracted in rearing this beautiful house of worship had been provided for. Joy was in every heart—the service was an *exultemus*. A strain of triumph ran through all the song, and prayer, and speech. The sermon was on the triumphant Lord, who "was manifest in the flesh, justified in the "spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed "on in the world, caught up into glory." Before morning dawned again the beloved Beadle was himself "caught up into glory," to be forever with his Lord. Just after the midnight following that joyful Sabbath, he fell on sleep, January 6, 1879. But though he was sixty-six years of age at his death, he was seemingly as quick of foot, as elastic and buoyant, as ready in speech and thought, and as fresh in mental energy, as when the flush of youth marked the spring-time of his ministry. The thirteen years of this last pastorate were therefore not the evening of his life. His life had no evening. From the high noon of it—from the midday glory of it—in obedience to the only "call" we may well believe that could ever have moved him from this pulpit—he passed on into the life eternal. A few quick steps of piercing pain, a wondering but trustful query:—"O Lord, is this the way?" and the lips were still. They

had lost their music. The harp remained—but without a harper.

Let us go now beneath the surface of this busy and beautiful life to find where the hidings of its power were, and what gave it so large success. Behind the facts we have been considering were the forces that made the facts, and of these forces the most determining, under God, were lodged in the soul of the man to whose memory we this day pay tribute.

In so balanced a mind as his, with intellectual faculties marked by symmetry of grouping and development, and making a total adjustment and poise which is somewhat rare, it is difficult to name the conspicuous trait.

I should say that, in the intellectual realm, what made largest contribution to his efficiency was *a thirst for knowledge.*

This implies and necessitates natural brain power,—a good degree of intellectual capacity to start with. For there never can be an eager and prolonged thirst for knowledge without strong native qualities of mind behind it. Dr. Beadle had these. They were born with him,—the perceptive, the conceptive, the representative, the logical, the imaginative. He gave

them wise use and development, and they grew up together, a symmetrical whole, far above the average of power.

His thirst for knowledge was partly due to this base furnished by nature. But it was also due to the constant indulgence he gave it. It was both a child of nature and a child of culture. He used to say his scientific tastes were born in him; and so they were. But what would have become of these native aptitudes, if he had not whetted their appetite by early and constant gratification? Thirst for knowledge increases as it is slaked. The more it gets the more it wants. Satiety here is one of the impossibilities.

Dr. Beadle, when a boy, felt the native thirst, and wisely gratified it. It grew more and more intense under his indulgence. His early advantages for learning were most meagre. He never had the discipline and culture either of college or theological seminary. In maturer years it was a constant marvel to him how boys could throw away their opportunities, and with characteristic modesty he would say if he had had the facilities of mental training and acquisition that some had, he believed he would have known something.

When only twelve years of age he commenced, at his own instigation, the collection and the study of shells; was on the

look-out for books that would give him any information about them; collected every variety possible by purchase, personal search and exchanges; learned their names, localities, and habits, and classified them. Afterwards he took up minerals, and pursued their study in the same way, and one of the principal zests of travel in subsequent years was in making these researches and gratifying these tastes. While these pursuits came to be a recreation to him, in which he was refreshed and girt anew for the tension of toil, they were no mere idle dalliance. It was his intense desire to *know*, that pressed him out in these fields. The best proof of this is the testimony of his peers in the University management that he died "a scientist of recognized position in several specialties."

But his eager thirst for knowledge was the constant spur to effort in other directions. He attacked language after language, ancient and modern, Western and Oriental, and in all he touched, he attained a creditable efficiency. He read extensively and rapidly, but thoroughly and systematically, often pursuing together five different courses of reading, as theology, science, biography, history and travel.

In fact, this hunger of the mind so pushed and pressed him to intellectual attainment his whole life long, and got for him

such varied and rich knowledges, that one of the chief surprises of his death to me, and I am sure to many others, was the revelation that this ripe and cultured scholar had never been at college or seminary.

In the realm of volition, Dr. Beadle's most marked characteristic was *tenacity of purpose.*

Doubtless he did not so impress men on slight or superficial acquaintance. For his will was not of the stiff, rugged, obtrusive kind. It did not roughly and rudely antagonize you. It was willowy. It bent readily. It swayed with the strong wind. But its roots struck deep, and it held. There was a pervasive and regnant quality in this good man's nature, as we shall see, that made it impossible he should be wilful. He did not bear down on men by sheer force of will, and violently break their opposition. He did not push a cause to success, or a work to completion, by a bold, dogged, defiant determinativeness. But when a thing was once intelligently and conscientiously undertaken, he held to it with a quiet tenacity that usually meant victory, and yet with so rare a sinuosity that it disarmed opposition, and at the same time took away the sting of its defeat. *Persistence*, therefore, strongly marked this gentle soul.

In proof whereof see his battle with ill-health. From his boyhood, his whole life was a struggle with bodily weakness. At seventeen, physicians told him he would never see twenty. Professor Benjamin Silliman, sr., of Yale College, a warm friend, once said to him :—" Beadle, if your soul could be shot into a healthy body, what a power you would be." Most men would have succumbed to the weakness. Dr. Beadle determined to be a power notwithstanding the weakness. But what a long, brave fight it was. Thrice, at least, he came back from Death's very door! Again and again the frail body imperiously cried " Halt!" to the toiling brain, and drove him from his field. But again and again he sought another field, with more favorable climatic conditions, and resumed the toil. His highly nervous temperament gave him quick rebound from prostration, yet it was always in close alliance with the mind in making drafts on his vitality. Think, now, what he made himself, notwithstanding this impeding body—think what accumulations of knowledge he secured—think how he wrought, and endured, and achieved! With what persistent zeal and courage he led this, his last charge, through years of doubt and defection, struggle and sacrifice, until, on the very last Sabbath of his life, his long-cherished

purpose was accomplished! Surely record like this he could never have made, in such conditions, without a great deal of tenacious fibre in his will.

I pass now to speak of another conspicuous trait, in what may be termed the ethical realm of his nature,—*a conscience for details.*

Attention to minutiæ was one of his cardinal qualities. Nothing was trivial to him that pertained in the least to worthy doing, or that made any one happier. It was one of his favorite maxims :—"There is always time enough to do a thing well." And fidelity in attending to the minutest things he made a matter of conscience.

Some will doubtless deem this no virtue, and no road to greatness. They believe, with Bulwer, that you should "never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area; the world can only judge by "generals, and it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ seldom have their minds occupied with "great things." But see the myriad "small perfections" upon which God has laid out such infinitely delicate skill and

care in all his works, and read there the refutation of this pernicious teaching. It is not attention to little things, but staying with them, and grasping nothing more, that both makes and proves littleness of soul.

But when conscience enters this realm, and pays heed to details for high ends and uses, trifles cease to be trifles, and become linked with immortal life and God.

A conscience for details leads to accuracy; and the failures of some good men here have almost justified the statement that "a blunder is worse than a crime."

A conscience for details leads to method, and method has carried far more causes than genius.

A conscience for details keeps little flaws out of great work, and makes character safe, and life's results sure for God.

For exact scholarship it is indispensable. For the happiest adaptation in preaching it is of unspeakable value. For the fullest discharge of pastoral trust there is nothing to take its place.

Dr. Beadle had it. Impulsive, quick, ardent, of irrepressible energy, he was yet absolutely methodical. This is a rare combination. It makes the boldest of paradoxes. But look where we will in his life we find the truth of it. In his study

or cabinet he could lay his hand on anything wanted, at a minute's notice. He kept a cabinet account, a tithe account, an expense account, and was scrupulously exact in them all. All money which came to him was strictly tithed—presents and all. He did not invest his money, and then tithe its income. But when salary or any money was received, he immediately took out a tenth, and wrote the amount in his account-book, and it was often distributed before the day was done.

Punctuality was a part of his being. An intimate friend testifies :—" Of the many appointments we made together, I never " knew him to fail in one. At the hour specified he was in his " place." " I will meet you on the fourth day of July, at a " particular room, in London," said he to a friend, when leaving for Sweden, one month previous; and notwithstanding all the contingencies of travel, on the fourth day of July, and at the appointed place, he laid down his carpet bag.

Passing rapidly through a crowd or hospital, seldom would anything escape his notice. Riding on a railway, and apparently looking through the window, in a reverie, it would be found on interrogation that the flora and the geology of the region had not escaped him.

But it was in his pulpit and closet, where this conscience for

details tied the man of God *to individual souls*, that it did chief service. He was not content simply to preach to masses, or to pray for crowds. While avoiding with instinctive delicacy and tact anything like offensive personalities in the pulpit, he was ever aiming at known individual need. Every Sabbath morning it was his custom to look carefully through the flock, that no special want of any heart might be overlooked in the public devotions. Among the papers in his table drawer could always be found a quarter or half-sheet of sermon paper, with a memorandum of names, headed "*Special.*" And this was a list for whom he wrestled in secret. As one after another was brought into the fold, others took their places on a new memorandum. Some names were carried this way through all the thirteen years of his pastorate in this City. And on the last memorandum that was left, some names appear that had been on every list!

Do you wonder that this fervid heart gained victories?

But the chief glory of Dr. Beadle's character I have yet to name. His intense thirst for knowledge, his tenacity of purpose, and his conscience for details, were all elements of power in his life, and contributed materially to his success. The

first kept ever widening the domain of his knowledge of truth and fact, and gave him his large accumulation. The second held him to great tasks in circumstances often the most trying and adverse. The third gave accuracy to his wonderful despatch, and harnessed his impulsive, ardent, restless energy to the exactest method. But the trait of all others that stamped his individuality, and made him the man he was, was in the heart-realm, *a deep, subtle, pervasive and potent sympathy.*

I do not mean by this, mere fellow feeling with another in suffering and sorrow. But a broader and more pervasive quality, catching by quick intuitions every changing phase of human experience, and every condition of life, and every mood of nature, and putting the soul at once in sympathetic contact with it. It is the quality that, by subtle, but almost infallible perception, discovers the spirit of an occasion, and suggests the fit word for it, while it gives to the word the very tone and spirit that stamp it as the coinage of the heart.

Dr. Beadle had this quality. It was the glory of the man. It kept "thirst for knowledge" from making him a dry cyclopædia of digested information. It kept "tenacity of purpose" from pushing him violently and needlessly against op-

posing wills. It kept "a conscience for details" from narrowing his soul to mere minutiæ. It put his knowledge to helpful use. It gave his tenacious purpose its sinuosity and rare adjustableness. It gave significance to particulars and details, grouping and blending them, and linking them with lives and truths. Above all it put him alongside Nature's heart, and the heart of man, and the heart of God.

How he loved his minerals and shells; they were his recreation. He soon forgot any chafing of spirit, or weariness of flesh, in their beauty and wonderful revelation of God's handiwork. But this was only one expression of his sympathy with, and fondness for, nature. I have seen him clap his hands and cry out in joy at sight of a sunset. I have seen him spring to flowers as if he would caress them.

To human hearts the touch of his royally sympathetic nature was an unfailing refreshment; and his whole being—the look of the eye, the play of the features, the tone of the voice, the very clasp of the hand—seemed fitted of God to give expression to the sympathy within. In this respect he was exceptionally constituted.

"His sweetest mind
'Tween mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be as not be kind,
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eyes,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart."

And this rare and many-sided sympathy was the secret of his power of adaptation to the peculiarities and characteristics of individuals, and classes, and occasions. It put into his thought and speech the quality of delicate and effective relevancy; it made him a master on the platform; it gave him marked success with children, whether rough or refined; it put the ignorant at home in his presence, for it kept him from displaying his learning in such way as to make the ignorance of other people painful to them; it gave him the rare accomplishment of listening, not only with an air, but with a reality of interest and attention, to what the humblest had to say. "Wear your learning," says Chesterfield, "like your watch, in a private pocket, and bring it out when called for." This maxim of a worldly politeness, springing from policy, was the law of Beadle's heart, springing from sympathy.

This same quick, intuitive, pervasive sympathy filled his mouth with such sweetness in the chamber of sickness, and

in the habitation of sorrow, that his lips were "like lilies dropping myrrh." On funeral occasions it gave him a wonderful effectiveness. Witness the first funeral in his Hartford charge. It was the first death in the newly organized church. There had just been a railroad horror. One of the victims was a prominent member of Dr. Beadle's church, and a "beloved physician." Looking from the pulpit down upon the face of the dead, he pointed to it significantly, and lifting his eyes to the crowded and hushed assembly, he said:—"Brethren, there lies the first of our dead!" And at that utterance he paused a moment, then broke again the oppressive stillness:—"The *first*, but not the *last*. Henceforth, for us the "gates of death stand wide open, day and night. God only "knows who'll pass through next." One who was present says:—"A more effective enforcement of a timely and im- "portant lesson from a great and sudden bereavement, I "have never known made by a single sentence."

But this supreme and varied sympathy, so marked in Dr. Beadle's nature, had its most precious and most potent expression when he talked with God in prayer. Here he seemed to feel the presence of an infinite tenderness, and it stirred his whole being, and all the ardor and unction of his sympathetic

soul found a voice. At times his very countenance would take on an expression as if he had caught a glimpse of the glory of the face of his Lord, with whom he was holding communion. He keenly felt the deep poverty of his own spirit by nature, and he knew the heart histories of many of his people, their yearnings, struggles, weaknesses, defeats and victories; he knew how some of their lives were "signed "on every side with crosses;" he knew, too, the shut as well as the open doors, the resistances, and preferences, and lying refuges, the moods of doubt and fear, and even despair, the wills, active, sluggish, pliant, defiant—and he bore them all to God with a marvelous rhetoric. Here, as nowhere else, his heart taught his lips; and his heart could never have been such a teacher if it had not been wonderfully taught of God. Out of some spiritual rock of God's word he always got the honey that sweetened his mouth in public and private devotion; and to-day the savor of his prayers is one of the most precious and fragrant memories connected with this man of God, in every parish where he lived and toiled.

A great faith, and a great humility, and a great knowledge of the Scriptures, and a great love for Christ, and a great sympathy with souls, could alone have let him in, could alone let

any one in, to these secrets of power in spiritual fellowship at the blood-bought mercy seat.

And so we see it was no human cunning that gave this preacher of righteousness his skill. His natural gifts had human culture, but both gifts and culture were uplifted, glorified, and given their chief charm and effectiveness by God's grace.

Standing in your presence, at your request, members of the Second Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadelphia, to pay this tribute of my heart to your sainted pastor, I can say of him, as he said in this place, three years ago, of his immediate predecessor in the pastorate of this historic Church:—"*He kept the royal succession.*" He had something of Whitefield's fervor, of Tennent's public spirit, of Sproat's fondness for all the pursuits of science, of Green's punctuality in engagements and scrupulosity in pecuniary transactions, of Janeway's gentleness, which is said to have been "the law of his heart and life," of Cuyler's force and activity and magnetic power over young men, of Skinner's unction and pathos, and of Shields' modesty and culture.

I repeat his question to you, which he put three years ago. It is as if the gathered voices of the past spoke from this vacant

pulpit, this memorial day, saying :—"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH "THIS ANCIENT HERITAGE OF GOD? You have entered into "other men's labors. You are a ground that has been wet "with the tears of godly men and women, and upon which "the beaded sweat has fallen from the faces of men mighty in "conflict and great in toil. You hold the sacred trusts of the generations. What will you do with them?"

When these words were uttered by Dr. Beadle, he was your pastor, "still on duty." I bring them back to you from his fresh grave. They are eloquent now, as they were not even then. For it is as if they came through his dead lips out of heaven. Men and women of Philadelphia, what will you do with this ancient heritage of God? I charge you "Give answer in saintlier hearts and godlier deeds." This memorial service will have little meaning to him or to his Lord, if it do not mean to you *consecration.*

Let the past we have had in review this day be prophecy of the future. Out of this death compel a resurrection. Make Elias R. Beadle's best memorial, your future lives.

Funeral Addresses.

Rev. John DeWitt, D. D.

I ADD to yours, dear friends, my own profound regret that my honored colleague, the Rev. Dr. Boardman, whose place I have been called to take at this time, is unable to be present, and to speak out of his abundant knowledge and warm friendship of the eminent pastor and citizen at whose burial we have gathered. Their relations were so intimate and so long continued that he would have filled a place in this service with a propriety to which, of course, I can lay no claim. It is this regret, and only this, that diminishes the mournful pleasure I have, in uniting my voice with those of my brethren, in recalling the talents and attainments, the cultured gifts and graces of heart and life, whose unexpected removal to another sphere has made so large a vacancy in this City and the Church of Christ.

The hour is not, nor are the circumstances of our assembling suited to detailed narrative of life, or elaborate analysis

of character. The service is sacred to personal recollections and to the lessons of death.

I knew of Dr. Beadle, long before I had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, as a man whose intellectual life was many sided, whose sympathies and attainments had won for him a cordial welcome into many circles, attendance on one of which, usually exhausts one's time and interest and power of enjoyment. In literature, in science, in current public affairs, and in theology, he was uncommonly well versed: and it would have been difficult to touch a large subject in any one of these departments of learning or life, with regard to which he had not formed carefully an opinion, or, at least, received intelligently an impression. What one of our most thoughtful writers says of the rich man was true, in another sense, of Dr. Beadle:—"He was always and everywhere at home." He was a true cosmopolite: a citizen of the intellectual world.

We do not usually associate this broad culture with intensity and ardor. We are apt to think that it is the man of one idea who is aflame; that it is the sectary that manifests consuming zeal. And I confess that I should not have been surprised to find that, through his breadth of cultivation, he had

lost somewhat his capacity of enthusiasm in his sacred calling. But when I came to know him, I found, what you all know so well, that he was aflame with zeal: that "his heart throbbed and glowed with evangelical emotion," and that all other tastes and enthusiams were utterly subordinated to the growing passion and increasing purpose of his life, to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Such a union of breadth and ardor marks an uncommon man. Such a man was your pastor. His apostolic ordination was but the Church's official acceptance of a man of apostolic devotion: and he but bade you follow his own example when he besought you, by the mercies of God, to yield your bodies living sacrifices as your reasonable service.

I met him first, after he had turned the point that marks the term of middle life. He had passed the grand climacteric; and was moving swiftly towards the goal of three score years and ten. That is a period of life which we suppose is tinged with sombreness. It does not surprise us to learn that a man at sixty-four doubts himself, believes the world is growing worse, and recalls better days that have gone. But this was not his habit. A large measure of Christian faith and hope was his. He was a Christian optimist. The last time I heard

him converse, he gave eloquent and animated expression to his confidence in the triumph of Christianity. And you who cannot have forgotten his Thanksgiving sermon, the last of his published discourses, remember with what graphic narrative and with what vivid imagery, he portrayed the drift of Divine Providence, the trend of all human events toward the final supremacy of our Holy Religion.

Breadth of culture, ardor in Christian labor, and undaunted hope! When I name this trinity of traits, I reveal the secret of his large success in his sacred calling. God grant His Church many ministers, prepared by a like learning, aflame with a kindred zeal, and animated by his exalted confidence!

Death teaches its own lessons better than man's words can. The event impresses more deeply, than can human eloquence the truths that it is inevitable and uncertain. But this is all that death can do. It cannot read its own riddle. It cannot dissipate its own darkness. But the darkness has been dissipated. Our hearts to-day sing *Te Deum Laudamus*. We take up the song of the Holy Catholic Church, to Him who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light: "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers."

That Kingdom was opened to him. He has entered upon its glories. None of his gifts are lost, though lost to us, they are for a little while. That generous culture, let us not doubt, is utilized in larger work. His ardor manifests itself in seraphic devotion before the throne of God. Only his hope of his own triumph in Christ is lost forever; and that is lost only because transmuted into eternal fruition.

Rev. S. W. Dana.

It seems but yesterday, so quickly pass the weeks and months, since Dr. Beadle stood in my pulpit to offer sympathy and consolation to me in an hour of sore bereavement. In one of the opening sentences of his beautiful address on that occasion, he said:—"I am not able to join in "one petition of the Episcopal Prayer Book, in which it is "asked to be 'delivered from sudden death.'"

Last Monday morning, when I heard the startling news of his death, so entirely unanticipated by him and by us all, the first thought which came to me after the shock was, Doctor Beadle died as he wished to die. He was not called to waste

away in the hospital, he fell on the battle field, with his face to the foe, with the fullest confidence in his Captain and Leader. For him there are no regrets, the sorrow is with us who are to "see his face no more."

Every cloud which overhangs the valley has its upper and under side. Beneath is darkness, above is light. As we press up the mountain side, we often find ourselves enveloped in fog and mist and with difficulty keep to the path, but pushing on we rise above the cloud, and reach the top. From that exalted height we take in the glorious view of the hill and valley, the river, lake and mountain as they stretch out beyond us. We are on the under side of the cloud to-day and our hearts are heavy and sad. Could we stand with him in that upper home to which he is so suddenly called, could we enter into his experiences, and have revealed those visions which have been opened to him in their glory and beauty, our tears would at once be dried, and sorrow would give place to joy. For us the world is lonelier without his presence, but for him we cannot mourn.

His was a completed life. It was full, well rounded, widely useful and influential, through the entire consecration of his diversified gifts to the Master he served. I do not stand here

to eulogize. I shall not attempt even any general estimate of his character. But such an occasion as this ought to make a deep impression upon all our hearts and especially upon those of us who are in the ministry.

I would, if possible, have this preacher whose voice is now silent speak to us who are preachers through his death. It is a call to come higher, to make our years tell for good ere they pass from us.

The ministry of Dr. Beadle was an honored one, and the spirit in which he toiled is worthy of imitation by those of us who come after. His was a young heart to the last. His genial smile, his warm grasp of the hand, his cordial welcome to the young men in the ministry, cannot be forgotten. He had no petty jealousies, no apparent fear of being pushed aside by those younger in the ministry than himself. To him the field was the world, a big, needy world, with ample room in it for all genuine Christian toilers.

He was a continuous student and worker to the end, never feeling he could rest upon past attainment or success. He kept abreast of the times and did not give the sermons of a generation ago to the people of to-day. With all the demands of the pulpit and of the public, he did not neglect his

pastoral duties, but was attentive to the sick, bereaved and troubled, a "son of consolation" to the sorrowing, and ready alike to adapt himself to the home of joy.

His work on earth is over. Some man may ask :—"What "of such a life? Great and useful as it was, it will soon be "forgotten." It is true men fall in the high places of the City or the nation, and the world goes rushing on without them. Those whom we call pillars in Church or State are removed and the foundations still remain. But what if the many do forget, is the influence lost? This edifice, so beautiful, solid and enduring is yet to crumble. A century hence the name of BEADLE may only be known in the annals of the Church. But his work cannot die. Think of his ministry in New Orleans, Rochester, Hartford, Philadelphia; think of the numbers who through him have been won to Christ and established in the faith; of the young men induced by him to preach the gospel and who have gone forth with his impress upon them. They are to preach while his voice is silent. When they pass hence they are to leave others to take their places. Their's is influence widening and multiplying beyond the range of human computation.

If we lived for fame; for the mere hope of being remem-

bered among men, to have our names kept fresh as the generations pass, we might well despair. Only a few in each generation are permitted to say or do that which is remembered a century. With fame or name as the goal, life is hardly worth living. But if we toil for our risen Lord, for the sinning and suffering of our day, our work shall last with Christ's Kingdom forever.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and es-
"tablish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea the work
"of our hands establish thou it."

Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D.

IT seems strange that there should be all this drapery and darkness and distress that indicate the sorrow of death, and the voice be silent that has here so often soothed you with its sympathies; strange that there should be so many mourners, that the whole church should be in grief, and yet the heart that was always so ready to give you consolation refuse to comfort you. We hesitate to disturb the silence that but yesterday was full of the familiar voice that we shall hear no

more till we catch it in the chorus of rejoicing saints. But we beg the privilege of laying some tributes of love upon the casket that contains your sacred dust. We feel the grief of the little girl that went a few weeks ago to visit him at his study. He was very fond of children, and none knew it better than the children. I am thankful for nothing more that his life has contributed to me, than for the benedictions he has left in my household, and the memorials that shall keep his name sacred and his love in remembrance. "Let me knock," said the little girl, full of hope—her heart panting for his friendly welcome—but no answer; she knocked again; silence was her answer, for he was out upon some of the many errands that filled his life so full of work, and leaning against the wall, in her disappointment, she could only say:—"We are not very happy." So we listen and wait and only silence answers:—He has been called away; he heard a knock; the Master has come and called for him; he has gone out; the busy room, the home, the church, every place and post he filled with such faithfulness is empty, and "We are not very happy." But it is not all sorrow. Death has taken what we cannot replace, but his magnificent life has left us a legacy that we keep; this finished furnished temple, whose complete con-

secration was the determination of his soul, and which only last Sabbath rang with the anthem of his happy heart, that seemed to break in the reaction of its joy, while it stands two words will be a monument of his faithfulness and a memory of his work. But the glory of the material is lost in the greater splendor of the spiritual. The truth he told us with such power; the way of life that he defined with such clearness; the legacies of love that he has scattered in two continents, giving us here the larger portion, the personal friendship that we cherish, the rich consolations of our hours of sorrow, the elegant scholarship that won our admiration, the endless labors whose fruits we enjoy, but above all, the inspiration and beauty of all, the spirit of Christ that his whole being absorbed, that his whole life reflected; this is the legacy left to console us in our loss; it is a life that never can be told, only they have it who felt it in the near relations of life and labor, whose privilege it was to stand in the circle where it cast its light. Its accomplishments were splendid, but it was himself we loved; it was the power he wielded in his contact with men that made his life so impressive. Some men, like mountains, seem grander in the distance, but he revealed the fineness of his life under the glass of close friendship. It is an anthem

that we cannot tell; we may remember how it moved us, but only this broken harp could execute it. It was a picture to stand and study; we may tell that it was beautiful, but only they who saw it can know its worth. The tree looked stately while it stood among its fellows, but its girth and greatness impress us more so suddenly fallen in our midst. We will miss the sharp spur of his untiring energy, for he was a model in his ceaseless zeal, often whipping his willing spirit when his weak flesh was pleading for rest. There is a double surprise in this sudden departure; both the time and manner of his going seem strange; but it is a time that he would have marked in his own calendar. If we could not keep him we should be glad that his going was so glorious, translated from the very summit of success; standing on finished work, not under the crush of sad failure, and on the evening of a Sabbath, whose sermon was an anthem, the melody of which will linger long in this temple, to lay off his harness in the street, and turn into a friendly home and meet rest and reward almost without a struggle, it all seems a fitting close for such a life. But who dreamed that the heart would receive the shaft of death? Ah, this need be no surprise, his head and hands were faithful but his heart carried the burden of the work.

This was the fountain to which we all went for refreshment. No wonder when he taxed it so constantly that it should fail; no wonder that the wheel that never rested was broken at the cistern; that the pitcher that filled so many vessels from its fullness should be broken at the fountain. With his mantle he has swept the flood and passed over. On every side we hear it:—"The Lord has taken away your Master from your head." We would not call back the chariot that has carried our Elijah to the rest he has so often described, but we do crave his mantle and will be glad to part it among us that many may be blessed. Let his words spoken here last Thanksgiving day call us from our sorrow:—

"I hear the trumpet call, not sounding a halt, but to quicker time in the march."

"We do not want mere ascension robes, but girdles for "the loins. Our post is not on Olivet, that we may gaze "into heaven, but in the fields, where the battle is sorest; in "the highway, where men come and go."

The Presbyterian, January 11, 1879.

DEATH OF DOCTOR BEADLE.

THE Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia, as they gathered together at their usual meeting for prayer and conference on Monday morning last, were startled and grieved by the news that one of their most beloved associates had been called during the night previous to enter the shadows of death. It was with awed and sorrowful hearts that they worshiped together, and when it was formerly announced that their friend and brother, Dr. Elias R. Beadle, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, was no more among the living, all felt that God had spoken to them in a voice most distinct and solemn, and that a great void had suddenly been made in the pleasant brotherhood.

Dr. Beadle's departure was sudden, and while there were sharp pains in the last hours, it was graciously ordered that the hours of pain should be brief. He preached in his own pulpit on Sabbath morning last, preached with his usual vigor, and it was thought with more than his usual earnestness. He

was excited with the favorable result of the effort, which has engaged the attention of the congregation for some time past —the effort to pay the large debt which rested upon the beautiful edifice in which they worship. Dr. Beadle was able to announce on last Sabbath that a large part of this debt was paid, and that an arrangement had been made by which the remaining part would be assumed by a number of persons in the congregation. And having made this statement, he expressed the joy of his heart at the consummation of this work, and thanked God that he had lived to see the day of its accomplishment, which he declared to be one of the "best days" of his life.

When he left the pulpit a number of his friends gathered around him to congratulate him, and talking with them in his genial, pleasant way, he passed out of the house of God for the last time. On the way to the residence of Mr. Horace W. Pitkin, his brother-in-law, at 1824 Delancy Place, he expressed his feeling of enjoyment in the day, even in the bracing wintry air; but before he reached the house was observed to be ill. He was assisted into the house, and his friend, parishioner, and physician, Dr. Agnew, sent for. He rallied somewhat from the first severe attack, but the spasms of pain

returned, and a little after midnight, and in the end very quietly, he breathed his last. He spoke but little, owing to the great pain which he suffered; but once he was heard to say, "O, Lord, is this the way?" and afterwards he repeated it, "O, Lord, is this the way?" His disease, we believe, was that known as *angina pectoris.*

Dr. Beadle's ministry was a long one, and was quite a varied one. He was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1812. He never was in college or in a divinity school. Largely he prepared himself for his work. He was licensed to preach by the Black River Congregational Association. When a young man he was a pastor in the Presbyterian Church at Albion, N. Y., and while there the longing desire entered his heart to preach the gospel on foreign soil, and after some years of pastoral services he joined the Syrian Mission at Beirut, though forced, through the disorders in that city, to spend the first few months in Jerusalem. His station, we believe, while in Syria, was on the mountains of Lebanon. His health broke down in the mission work in a few years, and he returned to America to recruit. While here a field of labor opened to him in the city of New Orleans, and he spent several years in that city as pastor of the Prytania Street

Church, assisting also, as he once told us, in the editing of a Presbyterian newspaper which was then published there. From this station he came to take charge of the Pearl Street Congregational Church in the city of Hartford. Here he passed a number of years, filled with unceasing activity, and gathering abundant fruit from his ministry. After his resignation of this Church he spent some time in Rochester, and was called to the First Church in that city, but feared the climate and came to Philadelphia, where he received a call to the Second Presbyterian Church, then in Seventh street below Arch, and began the successful work which was closed, with a rounded fullness and completeness most singular and wonderful, on the morning of the first Sabbath of the opening year.

Dr. Beadle had many rare qualifications as a minister of the Gospel of Christ. He had a personal magnetism which attracted a great many persons to him strongly. In the sick-room and in the houses of sorrow he was quite unrivaled. Some of his prayers and addresses at the burial of the dead linger in our memory as more thoroughly adapted to the time and place than any we have ever heard. His heart was full of sympathy for the troubled, and he was a rare comforter of the sorrowful. His preaching, too, was of a high order. He

had a genius for preaching. He held strongly, and with increasing tenacity, the great doctrines of the Gospel of Christ. He discussed large and fruitful topics, and he discussed them thoroughly; he poured fourth a rich stream of discourse, sparkling all along its way with illustrations, and swelling with the rising tide of the speaker's emotions to a grand and striking close. We have seen great audiences listen with undivided attention to this eloquent preacher as he unfolded the Word of God and pressed its divine truths upon them with an earnestness which would not be denied, holding them steadily as he pleaded with them for his Master, and for their own soul's welfare.

He furthermore met men at many points outside of the pulpit, and concerned himself with affairs not ordinarily touched by ministers of Christ. He was an earnest student of science, and loved the company of scientific men. He was greatly interested in all the natural sciences, knew much of mineralogy and geology, and was especially fond of shells, and it is said had the largest and finest collection belonging to any private person in the country. He himself was wont to tell his friends that there was a place at the foot of Mount Lebanon, on the shores of the sea, which he had searched so

often and so carefully for shells that it came to be known as "Beadle's Garden." He was a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and was greatly respected by his associates. He had travelled much and observed well, and in social life he was exceedingly attractive. His family consisted of a wife, three sons and two daughters. One of his sons is Rev. Heber Beadle, of Bridgeton, N. J.

Dr. Beadle's loss will be severely felt, but his work was done, and well done, and in one of the crowning hours of his life he was called up to the rewards of heaven. And our estimate of that life, now that it has closed, may be fitly expressed by some of his own words, in which he sums up all that may be said of the best life:—"There is a *past* which "memory can recall, with its sunny spots and rich experiences; "and we enjoy the beautiful, the good, and the gladness of "life past far more than in the actual transit and toil. * * * "There is a *present.* It is here—real, earnest, tangible. It "talks with us; is charged with opportunities, brings great "work, grand issues, and the outlook of every step, and every "gaze in it, is a *future.* To-morrow is ever at the gate; "sounds its coming as a trumpet call. Towards that future "we pitch our tent; we make plans for its occupancy; we

"discount its opportunities, its very wealth, and hope never "fails to appoint for the time to come. * * * I would "not live alway. No well-instructed mind would do that. "When our work is done, sooner or later, let us be gone. "*The life that compasses our appointed task is long enough.*"

"O LORD, IS THIS THE WAY?"

By William S. Plumer, D. D.

AMONG the last words of dear Dr. Beadle, were these:— "O Lord, is this the way?"

Yes, O yes, thou loving brother, thou faithful servant of God, this is the way; not the way that thou wouldst have devised, perhaps, nor the way that any of thy earthly friends would have chosen for thee. But it is the way appointed by infinite and unerring wisdom, and selected by eternal and unchanging love. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps across the Jordan, or anywhere else. A wise man would rather, if it were possible, die twenty times than be compelled to decide when, where, and how he shall leave the world. If

God determines such things, there will be no error, no mistake. If man determines it, a fool will be arranging matters of which he knows nothing.

And yet, dear brother, the way the Lord took to remove thee from us is mysterious to us, and no wonder it seemed so to thee. Almost all of us have our plans for leaving the world; that is, we never foresee just how it will be. Thy removal was so sudden, so unlooked-for by any of us, at the time when thy vigor seemed unusual, there was but a step between thee and death. One wintry blast seemed to do the whole work.

God's ways are never as our ways. The Saviour went to his Father by the cross. His way was much rougher and darker than thine. Thy death, dear brother, was agonizing. Thy Master's death was excruciating. He was forsaken by friends, and mocked by enemies. But thou didst leave us surrounded by friends, who lovingly ministered unto thee. He died under the wrath of God, and with a dreadful sense of His Father's displeasure against Himself as a sin-bearer. But thou didst leave the world with the certain knowledge that thy sufferings were not for propitiation. He tasted death for every man, and drank the cup of the wine of the wrath of God.

But thou left us in the peace of the redeemed, and had no cup held to thy lips but the cup of salvation. By His sufferings the Redeemer took away the sting and bitterness of death from all who believe. Jesus foresaw all his sufferings, and for years and years knew all that was coming, and so He, as it were, died a thousand deaths. But from thee God in mercy concealed the time and the manner till thy hour came.

When the Lord died, His work was done; and when thou didst breathe out thy great and loving spirit thy work was done, though man knew it not till the Master called for thee. His decease was accomplished in the very best time—the time fixed in the counsels of infinite wisdom and everlasting love; and so was thine, though thy loving people could no more see it so than did the disciples see how seasonable was their Lord's departure.

Jesus overcome and sat down with His Father on his throne; and thou hast overcome and sat down with thy Lord on His throne. He entered heaven by His own merits; and by the same infinite and glorious righteousness, counted to thee for pardon and acceptance, thou hast entered heaven too. Where thy Lord is there thou art also. He has many crowns on His head, having all authority. And when all the blessed fruits

of the faithful ministry shall be harvested thou shalt have a crown of rejoicing not the less glorious because unmerited.

True, thou hast left loved and loving ones to weep for thee; so did thy Master. His mother must have been the very picture of woe when that prophetic sword pierced through her soul. Thy body lies dead and cold, but it sleeps in Jesus. It is as much united to Christ in death as it was in life. And them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Because Jesus is risen thou shalt rise. Thy death, like the voice of Christ, says to each of us :—"The night cometh when no man can work."

Farewell, thou blessed servant of the Lord. We shall have an early meeting and a blessed greeting in the world above.

DR. BEADLE'S PRAYERS.

BY MISS HUBBELL.

AMONG the many graces which adorned the pastorate of the late Dr. Beadle none was more prominent than his extraordinary "gift in prayer." Whether viewed from the in-

tellectual and cultured standard of ideas clothed in glorious and impressive language, readiness of thought, fluency of expression, fervency of spirit, ardor of delivery, and delicacy of manner; or as the exponent of the hungry and needy soul, whose wants and desires he fathomed, and with the bond of union which his sympathy created between himself and his hearer, he vocalized the unspoken and imperfectly formed longings, bore them to the throne of grace in accents so sweet, in entreaties so gentle, in trustfulness so childlike and simple, in petitions so apt and touching, and in praise and thanksgiving so graceful, abundant and happy, that one indeed felt himself praying, with heart and soul, led by the dulcet voice and fluent tongue of this gifted *man of prayer.*

In this department of his profession he was inimitable; he was not excelled; and this talent proved a crowning glory, as it was a vitalizing principle of his ministry: and it ever will remain a source of sweet remembrance to the one who offers this slight tribute to the honored memory of Dr. Beadle.

THE OBSERVER, NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1879.

"ALL too soon for the church, but not too soon for him, "the REV. DR. ELIAS R. BEADLE, of Philadelphia, "has been suddenly called to his rest and crown. A tele- "graphic despatch from George H. Stuart, esq., on Monday "last, followed by another from Rev. Dr. W. E. Schenck, "brought to us the sad intelligence in these words:—

"'DOCTOR BEADLE, after preaching yesterday morning an "'extraordinary congratulatory sermon on the removal of "'the debt on the splendid new edifice of the Second Presby- "'terian Church, stated that he felt unusual vitality. On his "'way to his home he was seized on the street with an affec- "'tion of the heart and was taken to his brother-in-law's, Mr. "'Pitkin's, where he expired this morning at one o'clock. "'The sudden death of this eloquent divine has cast a solemn "'gloom over this City.'"

"DR. BEADLE was one of the best men in the Presbyterian "Church, loving, earnest, eloquent, and greatly successful in "the ministry. He was a missionary of the American Board "in Syria, from 1839 to 1843, and returning from foreign

"fields, he was a pastor in Albion, N. Y., New Orleans, "Rochester, Hartford, and Philadelphia, where he labored "for fourteen years and has been eminently useful. He was "a prominent member of the Presbyterian General Council in "Edinburgh in 1877, and was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the Council of 1880. Possessed of "great executive ability, he was active and skilled in the affairs of the church. Of affectionate piety and tender sympathies, he was a beloved pastor, a comforter and friend in affliction, and earnest in winning souls to the Saviour. He "leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters.

"Dr. Beadle was a man of varied accomplishments. A "student of natural history, he was a fine conchologist, and "his collection of shells was very extensive. But all his attainments were subsidiary to his great work of preaching "the gospel.

"The sad event was announced at the crowded prayer "meeting in the church on Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth "street, by the pastor, Dr. Ormiston, who presided. Tender "addresses were made by Drs. S. I. Prime and E. P. Rogers, "both of whom were warm personal friends of Dr. Beadle, "to whose loveliness of character and great usefulness they

"bore the strongest testimony. Deep sympathy was mani-
"fested in the large assembly.

"At the time of our going to press we have little informa-
"tion in regard to the funeral services, a notice of which must
"be deferred."

THE WITNESS, BELFAST, JANUARY 24, 1879.

"'MR. George H. Stuart has sent a cable despatch to
"'Mr. Thomas Nelson, of Edinburgh, announcing
"'the sudden death of DR. BEADLE. DR. BEADLE was the
"'guest of Mr. Nelson at the late Pan-Presbyterian Council,
"'and was appointed the chairman of the American Com-
"'mittee to make arrangements for the next Council, which
"'convenes in this City in 1880.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*'"

"We notice elsewhere, with regret, the death of the REV.
"DR. BEADLE, of Philadelphia. We well remember his dig-
"nified presence and thoughtful face at the Pan-Presbyterian
"Council in Edinburgh. We were favorably impressed with
"his matter and manner during the meeting, and considered
"him one of the best of the many brilliant representatives of

"Presbyterianism which America sent to that magnificent "Ecclesiastical Congress. He was very eager to have the "next meeting of the Council in Philadelphia, his own city, "and when our own Dr. Knox was urging the claims of Ul- "ster, as the mother of American Presbyterianism, he wittily "remarked 'that in his country it was customary to see the "daughter before going to the mother.' This sally disposed "of Dr. Knox and of Ireland. It is melancholy to think that "he has been cut off without witnessing the meeting to which "he looked forward with such interest. Dr. Beadle will "also be remembered by many of our readers as the Ameri- "can Deputy to the General Assembly in Dublin, in 1871. "At that time he also preached in two of our Belfast churches. "His sudden death will be deeply regretted by the many "friends his amiable and genial disposition made for him in "this country."

The Times, Philadelphia, January 7, 1879.

"Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., LL. D., the eminent "divine and scientist, pastor of the Second Presby-

" terian Church, in this City, died at the residence of his broth-
" er-in-law, Horace W. Pitkin, No. 1824 De Lancey place, of
" *angina pectoris*, or neuralgia of the heart, at one o'clock yes-
" terday morning, after an illness of only about twelve hours,
" in the sixty-seventh year of his age. DR. BEADLE preached
" a sermon, full of power and vigor, on Sunday morning, his
" subject being 'Christ vindicated,' and he said from the
" pulpit that it was the happiest day of his life, because he
" was able to announce to the congregation that the debt
" upon the church had all been provided for. He was often
" heard to say that he should consider his life-work ended
" when the debt upon his church was paid. As he was leav-
" ing the church after the services on Sunday, Mr. Hazletine,
" one of his parishioners, came up and wished him a happy
" New Year. 'And I wish you a happy New Year and many
" of them,' replied the Doctor, 'and I think you will see
" more of them than I shall.'

" 'I don't know,' said Mr. Hazletine, 'you seem good for
" a good many years yet.'

" 'Well,' replied DR. BEADLE, 'I never felt better, mentally
" or physically, than I do now.' He then started with Mr.
" and Mrs. Pitkin for their house, in De Lancey place, where

"he was to dine. As they passed the corner at Nine-
"teenth and Spruce streets a terribly cold blast of wind struck
"them in the face, and DR. BEADLE threw up his hand and
"turned around with his back to the wind. He then took a
"few steps and stood leaning against the wall. When Mr.
"Pitkin approached and asked him what was the matter, he
"replied that he could not breathe. Mr. Pitkin took his arm
"and supported him to the house. On the way DR. BEADLE
"said :—'It is getting dark.' He was placed upon a sofa and
"restoratives applied and Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, his physician
"and friend and a member of his church, was summoned and
"did all that medical skill could suggest for his relief. DR.
"BEADLE suffered the most excruciating agony in the chest
"until about five o'clock, when the anodynes which had been
"given him began to take effect and he became somewhat
"easier. He gradually sank, but retained consciousness to
"the last. He spoke but little, however, owing to the great
"pain which he suffered. He was heard to say:—'O, Lord,
"is this the way?' And afterwards he repeated it, 'O, Lord,
"is this the way?'

"DR. BEADLE was born on the thirteenth of October, 1812,
"at Cooperstown, New York. He was the graduate of no

" college, but owed his great learning almost entirely to soli-
" tary study. He was a man of unbounded courage, strength
" of purpose and faith. No obstacle was great enough to de-
" ter him from a course of action which his reason and con-
" science approved. In 1839 he went to Syria as a mission-
" ary, under the direction of the American Board of Foreign
" Missions. After remaining there four years he was com-
" pelled to retire on account of a war breaking out in the tribe
" in which he was laboring. In the meantime he mastered the
" Arabic tongue, which he spoke with great facility, as well
" as German and French, up to the time of his death. On his
" return to this country he went to New Orleans, where he
" organized three churches, of one of which—the Prytania
" Street Church—he was pastor for several years. In 1852 he
" removed to Hartford, Connecticut, where he became the first
" pastor of the Pearl Street Church, remaining there ten years.
" In 1862 he went to Rochester, New York, but the climate
" affected his health unfavorably, and in 1865 he came to this
" City and took charge of the Second Presbyterian Church,
" then located on Seventh street, below Arch. The Second
" Presbyterian Church was founded by the great George
" Whitefield about 1743, and its pastors before Dr. Beadle

"were Gilbert Tennent, John Murray, James Sproat, Ashbel "Green, J. N. Abeel, Jacob J. Janeway, Thomas H. Skinner, "Joseph Sanford, Cornelius C. Cuyler, and Charles W. "Shields. When Dr. Beadle took charge of the church it "was greatly run down and its membership was very small, "Under his charge it became one of the largest in the City, "its regular attendants numbering about six hundred. In "1867 it was decided to sell the old building on Seventh "street, and a lot was purchased at Twenty-first and Walnut "as a site for a new edifice. In the meantime the congrega- "tion worshiped one winter in the old Horticultural Hall, "where the St. George Hotel now stands. Then a small "chapel was built on the new lot, where the congregation "worshiped until the Fall of 1872, when they moved in the "new building. It was the debt upon this edifice which gave "the good man so much anxiety, and the payment of which "made him so happy on the day that, his life-work ended, he "went home to die.

"In addition to his eminence as a theologian, Dr. Beadle "was a scientist of high standing. He was well informed "upon all the sciences, but his specialties were mineralogy "and conchology. In the latter science he was one of the

"very highest authorities in America, and he was the owner "of a splendid collection of minerals and shells. He was a "member of the Academy of Natural Sciences and one of the "trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. During the "past year he took an active part in the formation of the "Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing "Mendicancy, and at its first annual meeting at Association "Hall, not long ago, he made an admirable speech in its be-"half. He was a man of genial disposition and boundless "charity and was dearly loved by thousands. The Presbyte-"rian Ministerial Union yesterday adopted a minute highly "eulogistic of Dr. Beadle, as a man of accurate scholarship, "broad culture and wide intellectual attainments. The funeral "will take place at the church on Friday next.

Transcript from Minutes.

Second Presbyterian Church.

Philadelphia, *January 15, 1879.*

At a meeting of Session, held this evening in the Chapel, the following Resolutions were adopted, and a copy of same directed to be sent to the family of the deceased.

M. S. STOKES,
Clerk of Session.

Whereas:—It has pleased the Great Judge of all the earth to remove from us by sudden death our dear and much beloved pastor, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., on Sabbath night, January 5, 1879, on the morning of which day he preached to us a most beautiful and impressive sermon from these words:—"And without controversy great is the mys-"tery of Godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in "the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, be-"lieved on in the world, received up into glory." *I. Timothy, 3: 16.* Translated as it were from our very sight into the presence of the Infinite Glory, almost like the Prophet

Elijah of old, we feel desolate and sad of heart, that we shall see his face no more, or hear his loving voice pleading for us at the Throne of the heavenly grace, and beckoning us onward and upward to enjoy "the rest that remaineth for the people of God;" but humbly bowing to the will of our Heavenly Father in this hour of our great and unexpected bereavement, as a Session, and as a church, pray it may quicken us into new life, and result in a fresh baptism by the Holy Ghost upon us as a congregation; therefore—

Resolved:—That we recognize with humble hearts the hand of God in thus removing from us our under Shepherd, and feel we have lost a great leader and teacher in heavenly things; a zealous worker and loving pastor, and a true and faithful friend: his wife, a loving and devoted husband; the church universal, a great leader and eminent divine.

Dr. Beadle had few equals; and although a profound theologian and teacher, and highly scientific man, yet in all was manifest that Christ-like humility of spirit that made him a power in the presence of the most gifted and learned, and also attracted childhood in its pureness and simplicity, like magic.

As a preacher of righteousness he was clear, forcible and impressive; always at his post in the sanctuary; by the bedside of the sick, among his own people and strangers alike. Patient and cheerful in all his toil, ever pointing souls heavenward and to Christ. Thus can be said of him as by the great Apostle of old:—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which Christ the Lord shall give me at that day." "Duty done, the victory won," he stands within the Gates, "accepted in the beloved."

As a scientist, he had but few superiors in the departments to which he devoted himself, and brought his knowledge, like a vast treasure house, to his aid in presenting the great truths of salvation; for he saw God in everything and everywhere, and each new discovery in nature and science but enlarged his desires and quickened his love for God.

Resolved:—That we tender to his estimable and bereaved wife and children our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this severe hour of trial, made more afflictive to Mrs. Beadle as following the counsel of her beloved husband, in what seemed the path of duty, she was by a mysterious providence

thus prevented from ministering to him in his last illness. We pray God may enfold them in the mantle of His love, and be to them husband, father and friend; and grant them grace all sufficient to "cast all their care upon Him who careth for them," and finally bring them one and all home to join him in "the song of redeeming love, to Him who sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever."

M. S. STOKES,
H. LENOX HODGE,
Committee.

Minute.

At a Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church, held January 9, 1879, the following Minute was adopted:—

As it has pleased God in His sovereign wisdom to bring to a sudden termination the labors of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., by calling His servant from the church below to the company of the redeemed above, we the Trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church in the City of

Philadelphia, deem it proper to record, in a formal manner, some expression of the loss which we, as individuals, in common with the whole Church and the community at large, have sustained in his death.

Dr. Beadle's life was in an eminent sense bound up in the Second Presbyterian Church. With a rare constancy he adhered to her fortunes during that eventful period of migration between the removal from Seventh street and the occupation of the present church edifice, and amid all the discouragements and embarrassments which have attended her struggles never for a moment wavered in his fealty to her interests, even though frequently invited to other and apparently more desirable fields of labor.

As a preacher Dr. Beadle was a man of commanding power. His manner of presenting gospel truth was inimitable and peculiarly his own. The gospel which he preached was the glorious gospel of the Son of the God. Christ was the burden of every theme. The grand old doctrines of the New Testament were enumerated with no uncertain sound and without dilution or apology. Elegant in diction, clear and concise in statement, glowing in illustration and leveled down to the capacity of a child, his sermons were "like apples of

gold in pictures of silver," and delivered as they were with commingled earnestness and tenderness, and in a voice remarkable for its melody and unction, they never failed to convince the understanding and move the heart.

Recognizing the harmony between religion and positive science, Dr. Beadle did not confine his studies within the sphere of theology alone. His industry was prodigious and untiring, his learning and culture large and varied. He had not only mastered the classical, Continental and Oriental languages, but had achieved a wide reputation in certain departments of natural science. These large possessions were all laid at the feet of Jesus and pressed into service in illustrating the great themes of gospel truth.

Nor was it in the pulpit alone where the character of Dr. Beadle shone so conspicuously. As a pastor he was tender and faithful. Like a loving shepherd he looked after the wants of his flock—he knew every sheep by name and the lambs were the cherished objects of his love. To live until the financial incubus of his Church was removed, and to die in the harness, were two oft-repeated wishes of this noble man. How literally have both been fulfilled. The battle won, the victory achieved, the Christian soldier lays aside the

armor of conflict, and wrapping about him his mantle falls asleep.

In fine, distinguished as a preacher, faithful as a pastor, learned as a scholar, and sincere as a friend, we cannot fail to mourn his departure, though well assured that our loss is his exceeding and eternal gain.

Whilst we thus affectionately testify to the gifts and graces of our beloved pastor, we do at the same time tender our heartfelt sympathy to the members of his bereaved family.

Extracts from Minutes of Sabbath-School Teachers' Association of the Second Presbyterian Church, held Monday Evening, January 20th, 1879.

"The address in memoriam Rev. E. R. Beadle, D. D., read "before the Sabbath-School, Jan. 12th, 1879, by Associate "Superintendent W. L. Mactier, was ordered entered in full "upon the minutes of the Association. It was as follows :—

"My dear children and fellow-teachers :—

"Our New Year's festivities have suddenly been turned into

"mourning; our smiles into tears. Last Sunday, our beloved "Pastor, Rev. Dr. Beadle, visited us in this chapel, and, but "a few evenings ago, addressed us, prayed with us, and "blessed us, after our Christmas song of praise. His voice "we shall no more hear. His work on earth has been accom- "plished, and the wearied laborer has gone to his reward.

"Dr. Beadle was a watchful observer of children, for he "loved them; he was ever at home among them; he added "to their joys, sympathized in their troubles, and delighted to "instruct them. How gently did he approach them, and how "patiently did he labor to win their confidence. Though his "form we shall no more see, may we not hope that his fa- "therly counsel will be treasured in our memories, and, "sanctified by the Holy Spirit, lead us all to Christ. It was "for this he prayed, and how can we better revere his memory "than by giving our hearts to that Saviour, who has said:— "'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them "not, for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

"A great sorrow has come upon this Church, and we stand "within the shadow of death. But to him whom we mourn— "'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, "'neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things

"'have passed away.' Like a shock of corn, fully ripe, he "has been harvested home; or, like the weary husbandman, "he has been called from toil, to hear the gracious commen- "dation—'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou "into the joys of thy Lord.' Your lives, dear children, will "be beautiful just in the degree in which you are taught by "the Spirit, love the truth, obey God's law, and follow our "blessed Saviour.

"The goodness of DR. BEADLE was imprinted on his coun- "tenance. He spoke ill of no one; he avoided finding fault; "he thought of all persons charitably, and believed that the "grace of God was sufficient to ennoble the most defective "character, and sanctify the most corrupt nature.

"The humility of DR. BEADLE was one of his most con- "spicuous virtues. His varied attainments; his extensive "acquaintance with the most learned of every profession, and "his knowledge of the Oriental languages and literature, "naturally gave him high rank among scholars and preach- "ers, but he seemed unconscious of any superiority in him- "self. Goodness and greatness, when united, make us "humble. 'By humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches, "and honor, and life.' So, in the providence of God, was

"our revered Pastor, in due time, called from tent-life in "Syria, as a missionary, to the pastorate of the historic "Second Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia; and, from the "beautiful cathedral, where for years he had worshiped, he "has been translated to the 'house, not made with hands, "eternal in the heavens.'

"Dr. Beadle was complete in his mental endowments and "moral culture. He had interrogated Nature, and been led "up to Nature's God. He had studied science, and ever "found it in harmony with the Divine revelation. He had "ranged through the fields of literature, and culled its choicest "flowers. His theology was derived from a careful study of "the Bible, which was the 'man of his counsel,' and the in- "spiration of his prayers. All his rare acquirements, all his "powers of mind and body, all his social influence, were con- "secrated to the grand work of preaching the gospel and win- "ning souls to Christ. His style of preaching was peculiarly "his own—full of nerve power—ever fresh, and at times rising "to the highest flights of oratory. His thoughts were clothed "in clear, simple, and beautiful language. His reading was "perfect, whether in prose or poetry. Truly, his was a com- "plete character, with base, and shaft, and capital, all in per-

"fect proportion. He had grace, strength and symmetry in "happy combination.

"The last utterances of our pastor were those of joyful ex- "ultation. A noble work had been achieved as the result of "his ministry. The Church had become enlarged in its mem- "bership; a crushing debt had been provided for; peace, har- "mony and love pervaded the congregation. His cup was "full; and, in the gladness of his thankful heart, he an- "nounced to his people that *that* Sabbath was the most blessed "of his life. Truly was it the earnest, the foretaste of that "Sabbath which knows no end. Then followed one of his "finest discourses, the subject being 'Christ vindicated'—'the "mystery of godliness.' 'God was manifest in the flesh, justi- "'fied in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, "'believed on in the world, received up into glory.—*I Tim.*, "'*3 : 16.*" His animation was remarkable, his voice round and "clear, and his whole being seemed absorbed in the glorious "theme. What a blessed ending of a blessed life! How "nearly had he finished his course! How near was the "heavenly crown! Within an hour after the service the "Angel of Death smote him, and called him to that rest "which remaineth for the people of God.

"'It is little matter at what hour of the day
"The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
"To him untimely, who has learned to die.
"The less of this brief life, the more of heaven;
"The shorter time, the longer immortality.'—DEAN MILLMAN.

* * * * * * *

"True copy.

"ATTEST—

"JOS. P. KNORR,
"*Secretary.*"

"AT the meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, yester-
"day afternoon, the following Minute was adopted:—

"The Presbytery of Philadelphia records not only with "profound regret for its own loss, but with tender submission "to the will of God, the removal from the roll of the name "of the REV. ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., LL. D., who was sud-"denly summoned from earth, by death, this morning at one "o'clock. DR. BEADLE was a scholar of great, varied and "accurate attainments; an eloquent preacher, a sympathetic

"pastor, a judicious presbyter, a warm friend, a spiritually-
"minded and earnest Christian. His associates in the Pres-
"bytery must always remember him with the warmest love
"and the deepest admiration. To the members of the family
"who have so suddenly been bereaved of a deeply affection-
"ate husband and father, and to the church whose historical
"and important pulpit he occupied for fourteen years, with
"such ability and success, the Presbytery extends its warmest
"sympathy—the sympathy of itself a bereaved body—in their
"bereavement.

"It would especially record the pleasure with which it
"has understood that in his last public service, which he
"held yesterday morning, DR. BEADLE was able to an-
"nounce to his beloved congregation that the full amount
"for the removal of the debt which rested on their edifice
"had been subscribed, and that the day was, therefore, a
"'glorious' one. And, in truth, it was to him, in a higher
"sense still, a 'glorious' day, for during its closing hours
"his soul was approaching the land of glory, into which
"he entered very soon after the New Year Sabbath, with
"its record of his last sermon, had carried its account to
"the judgment bar. Warned by the suddenness of this

"visitation the members of the Presbytery would lay to "heart its lessons, and number their own days. Who "next? Let all be consistent, faithful, earnest, laboriously "engaged in the Master's work, and richly ready, at any "hour, to enter into His joy."

[*Signed.*]

"R. M. PATTERSON,
"JOHN DEWITT,
"A. NEVIN.

MINUTE

OF THE

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

AT a meeting of the Presbyterian Ministerial Asssociation, held January the 6th, 1879, the following Minute was passed unanimously.

The REV. ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., LL. D., Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, having conducted the morning service of yesterday, during which he deliv-

ered a sermon entitled "*Christ vindicated*," and congratulated his congregation that the subscriptions for the payment of the debt on their church edifice were completed, suddenly became ill, and at one o'clock this morning entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

We deem it fitting to record our sense of the loss which we, in common with the Church of Christ, the City, his congregation and his family, have sustained in his death.

Dr. Beadle was a man of accurate scholarship, of broad culture, of wide intellectual sympathies. His love of truth was ardent, and his pursuit of truth was incessant and laborious. In science, literature and theology his attainments were large and conspicuous.

These intellectual possessions, and the eminent talents by which they were achieved, he joyfully devoted to the promotion of the highest well-being of his fellow men, through the ministry of the Gospel of Christ.

In this sacred calling he was loved and honored in every position he was called to fill, and by all the churches to whom he ministered. His preaching was able and faithful, and in his labors as a pastor he was untiring. The Head of the Church abundantly blessed his work and gave him many souls.

We tender respectfully the expression of our sympathy to his stricken family and to the church he served so faithfully and well.

JAS. M. CROWELL,
JOHN DEWITT,
TRYON EDWARDS,
Committee.

MINUTE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, held January 7, 1879, the death of the REV. E. R. BEADLE having been announced by Mr. Frederick Fraley, the following Minute, offered by the Right Rev. Bishop Stevens, was unanimously adopted:—

The Board of Trustees of the University, having learned of the sudden death of the REV. E. R. BEADLE, D. D., desire to put on their records the following Minute.

The REV. DR. BEADLE, ever since his becoming a member of this Board, has taken an active and intelligent part in its deliberations. Punctual in the discharge of all his duties,

watchful over the interests confided to him, efficient in the important committees of this Board, of which he was a member, he necessarily exercised a wise and healthful influence over our proceedings. Possessing large intellectual gifts, which he sedulously cultivated, versed in a wide range of human learning, a scientist of recognized position in several specialties, a theologian of eminent ability, and as the head of a large and influential congregation who loved and honored him for his pulpit power and pastoral cares, the Rev. Dr. Beadle stood before this community a public man of the highest character as a citizen, as a scholar, as a clergyman, and we do but justice to his memory, and to the services which he rendered to the University, when we place on record this our feeble tribute to his real worth, and our deep sense of bereavement in the loss of such a judicious and learned member of this Board.

Resolved:—That a copy of this Minute be sent by the Secretary to the family of the Rev. Dr. Beadle.

[*From the Minutes.*]

CADWALADER BIDDLE,

Secretary.

Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

At a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, held January 14, 1879, the following was unanimously adopted :—

Resolved :—That in the death of our late associate, Rev. Dr. Elias R. Beadle, we have to mourn the loss of an ardent, reverent and sincere seeker for truth, whose attainments in knowledge were so broad and so diversified as to command our respect and admiration, and whose large and loving heart was so manifest in all his deportment and intercourse with us as to win our esteem and affection. We therefore join our sympathies with all those who have been bereft of his instruction, his example and his fellowship, and we direct that these sentiments be placed upon our records and a copy of the same be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

EDWARD J. NOLAN,
Recording Secretary.

HALL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

FIFTEENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA.

AT the February Meeting of the Board of Managers of this Association, it was—

Resolved:—That by the decease of REV. ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., there will be missed a friend and father, whose profound learning, undoubted wisdom, hearty sympathy and extended influence among the churches of our City, could always be relied upon, and were repeatedly of greatest service to the Association.

[*From the Minutes.*]

ROBERT SIMPSON,

Recording Secretary.

Memorial Tribute

to

REV. ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., LL. D.,

Late Member of the Acting Committee of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons."

At a Stated Meeting of "The Acting Committee" of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons," held first month, 16th, 1879, Joseph R. Chandler made the following annunciation, and presented the subjoined Resolutions.

Since our late meeting, the general community has been called to deplore a loss in which this Society has a deep and painful share. The Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., died very suddenly, on the morning of the 6th inst., and many societies with which he was connected have given expression to their respect for his high usefulness, and their grief at his unexpected death.

The numerous calls upon the time and services of Dr. Beadle, beyond those of his pastoral relations, rendered it almost

improper that his services as a visitor to the prison cell should be looked for, although it was evident that his earnestness in whatever he undertook, his most correct opinions of the mission of a visitor, and especially his powerful appeals to offenders, and his persuasion to do good, would make him a most desirable representative of the Society, at the door and in the privacy of the cell.

Dr. Beadle was not a frequent assistant, even in our regular meetings. His appearance there seemed to indicate that he had snatched a few moments from the multitudinous demands upon his time abroad, in order to enjoy the pleasure of our ordinary intercourse. He undoubtedly enjoyed that intercourse because it was in the way of duty. But he afforded the highest pleasure to his associates by the earnest eloquence with which he urged to duty, by the sound judgment with which he pointed out the path, and by the many high motives which he advocated for walking in that path. None can recall the occasions on which we were honored by his presence, without a remembrance of that delightful and instructive intercourse which must endear his memory to his fellow members.

But there were times in which the interests of the Society,

and the objects of its pursuits, seemed to demand his special interference: It was when the means of carrying out one of our great objects were to be solicited from the Legislature. He was a most agreeable and useful associate in those missions, for which, whoever else might ask his co-operation, he was, for the time, ready to be a co-worker for us.

Of the many interesting and useful relations in which Dr. Beadle stood towards general society, as a scientist or a man of general literature, as an eminent linguist, as a promoter of means of individual aid, as a religious teacher of distinguished rank, it is merely justice that we should say that he stood most prominent among his equals, a leader of thousands who would travel some of the paths which he illuminated by the exercise of his lofty gifts. We of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons," recognize Dr. Beadle's usefulness in aid of that professed object. His great object and efforts were to be useful.

Such a man, so endowed and so largely esteemed, becomes a rich treasure to any association that may be favored by his approval and co-operation, and we may claim credit from the general community from the fact that one like Dr. Beadle found pleasure in our Society.

Dr. Beadle was a man of rare cultivation, as he was a man of distinguished eminence, forming and executing plans of good for his fellow beings. He was a merciful, forgiving sufferer, when wrongs were inflicted on himself. He was a vehement denouncer of offenders when flagrant wrong was inflicted on others.

Unexpectedly, but not unprepared, he was called away from life which he adorned, from society which he loved, and from usefulness in which he delighted.

The consolation of his bereaved associates must be found in the recollection of the lovely character of their deceased companion, and in the certainty that they may more easily accomplish their great work by contemplating the good example which he has left them for imitation, guided by the light which he threw upon their pathway.

We may never again be favored by services so peculiar and so specially useful as were those of Dr. Beadle.

And in our deliberations and in our labours we shall never make a mistake if we keep in mind his beautiful teachings, and honour ourselves in doing honour to the memory of a GOOD MAN.

Resolutions.

Resolved:—That the members of this Association receive, with deep regret, the formal annunciation of the death of their fellow laborer in the cause of humanity, the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., LL. D., and while they sincerely mourn the loss of a most efficient associate, they feel as members of the great community, that there has been withdrawn one member whose precepts formed public sentiment; the exposition and defence of which principles enlightened the public, and whose example was most salutary in making evident the fact that while the highest and most cultivated talents may be advantageously employed among those whose condition in life assures appreciation and applause, they may be made eminently useful in improving the mental and social condition of those in humbler walks.

Resolved:—That the members of this Society recall with profound gratitude Dr. Beadle's willing sacrifice of valued time to the promotion of our Society's special plans, and they recollect with peculiar satisfaction, how, in seasons of difficulty, when promptness and efficiency of action were neces-

sary, he made the offering of his valued attainments most effectual in procuring for the Society the means of maintaining and extending its salutary influence.

Resolved :—That in the multitude of deaths which have caused so much grief in our City, and especially in our Society, there can be few that deprive us of more individual support than does that of the Rev. Elias R. Beadle.

Resolved :—That while the principles of sound charity which entered into the composition of Dr. Beadle's character made him a friend and advocate of the sufferer in all conditions, the objects and plans of movement of this Society were recognized by him as peculiarly worthy of his approval and aid. Yet, while he was thus a friend of the friendless, and the widow's and the orphan's guide, he was a bold defender of the injured, poor or rich; he seemed never to have felt a higher pleasure in wielding his commanding eloquence than when denouncing the oppressor's wrong, or pleading the cause of "him that is ready to perish."

Resolved :—That in token of profound respect for the public and private character of Rev. Dr. Beadle, and in assertion of our high appreciation of his extensive attainments, his re-

markable purity of life, and his distinguished benevolence, and our endearing respect for a *good man*, these proceedings be spread at large upon the minutes of the meeting of this evening, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the bereaved family.

[*Extracted from the Minutes.*]

JOHN J. LYTLE,
Secretary.

Resolutions

of the

Second Presbyterian Council.

Philadelphia, *April 20, 1880.*

Mrs. Elias R. Beadle,

Dear Madam:—

The General Committee of Arrangements for the Second Presbyterian Council, to be held in this City in September next, have directed me to present you with a copy of the Resolutions passed at their last meeting, with reference to the death of your late lamented husband.

These Resolutions, which were unanimously passed, are as follows :—

Whereas :—The Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., LL. D., late Chairman of this Committee and Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this City, has been removed by death since our last meeting ; therefore—

Resolved :—That in this afflictive and mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, the Committee reverently recognize the hand of God, and declare its deep sense of the loss which the church and the world have sustained.

Resolved :—That in this eminent minister of Christ were happily combined the humble and devoted Christian, the fervent and faithful herald of the cross, the gifted scholar and scientist, the able advocate and helper of every good cause, and the steadfast and consistent exemplar, at home and abroad, of the catholicity, the unity, and the excellence of our common Christianity.

Resolved :—That this Committee gratefully recognize the service he so ably and acceptably rendered as a delegate to the Council in Edinburgh, and are grieved that we shall not

enjoy his presence, and active and useful aid in preparing for, and participating in, the proceedings of the Council to be held in this City in 1880.

Resolved:—That this paper be entered upon the Minutes of the Committee, and that a copy be transmitted to the bereaved family.

A true copy.

Attest,

M. NEWKIRK,

Secretary.

Funeral of Rev. Dr. Beadle.

"The funeral of the Rev. Dr. Beadle took place yesterday afternoon from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Horace W. Pitkin, No. 1824 Delancey Place. The remains of the deceased divine reposed in a burial casket, covered with black cloth and lined with white satin, and heavily mounted with silver. The lid bore a plain silver plate, inscribed:—'Elias R. Beadle, Aged Sixty-six Years.' On the casket was a sheaf with full, ripened head and bound

"with ivy, emblematic of the life of the dead clergyman. "Mrs. and Dr. D. Hayes Agnew contributed a magnificent "floral design, consisting of a column on which was a crown "composed of camelias, tea roses, and other delicate flowers, "surmounted by a cross of white rosebuds, and resting on a "base of rare flowers, in the centre of which were the words "in immortelles, 'Asleep in Jesus.' Another beautiful de-"sign was a flower basket, in the centre of which was marked "with letters in purple immortelles, the words, 'Our Pastor.' "There were several wreaths. One was a ground-work of "amaranth and ivy, on which were full blown calla lilies, in-"terspersed with heads of wheat; another was entirely com-"posed of evergreens, ivy and delicate ferns. There were "also other beautiful designs of the choicest cut flowers.

"After a prayer at the house, by Rev. Dr. Wiswell, the cler-"gymen present formed in a body and proceeded to the "Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut "streets, of which the deceased had been pastor, followed by "the relatives and friends of the deceased. The body of the "church was crowded with members of the congregation and "friends of the deceased clergyman. The choir sang 'Rest "in the Lord' as the procession entered, the casket being ac-

"companied by the following pall-bearers:—Dr. D. Hayes "Agnew, Mr. Samuel Agnew, Dr. H. Lenox Hodge, Messrs. "John E. Graeff, Charles E. Hazeltine, Paul Graff, Mahlon "S. Stokes, William L. Mactier and John G. Reading.

"Among those present were Right Rev. Bishop Stevens, "Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, of the Protestant Episcopal "Church; Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College; Rev. Dr. "Childs, of Hartford, Conn.; the Session of the church of "Rev. Heber Beadle, the members of which came in a body "from Bridgeton, N. J.; Rev. Matthew Newkirk, Rev. Drs., "Dickey, S. W. Dana, John DeWitt, J. A. Henry, and almost "all the reverend representatives of the Presbyterian Church "in this City.

"After the reading of the ninetieth Psalm by Rev. Matthew "Newkirk, and prayer by Rev. Dr. J. Addison Henry, the "choir sang the hymn, 'My faith looks up to Thee,' and "Rev. J. H. Munroe then read the Second Chapter of Sec- "ond Kings. Brief addresses were then delivered by Rev. "Dr. DeWitt, Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, Rev. Dr. S. W. "Dana and Rev. Dr. Dickey, all of whom testified to the "goodness, piety and zeal of the deceased clergyman. The "services were concluded by the singing of the one hundred

"and ninety-third hymn, 'Abide with Me,' the congregation "uniting. The members of the congregation and other "friends of the deceased then took a last look at the features "of the departed, after which the benediction was pronounced "and the casket was then transferred to a vault in South "Laurel Hill Cemetery, to await removal to its final resting "place in the cemetery at New Hartford, Connecticut."

PRESBYTERIAN.

"The Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, (for- "merly under the pastoral care of DR. BEADLE, now deceased,) "has contributed the sum of $500 to establish a 'BEADLE "MEMORIAL LIBRARY,' in the Mission Theological Seminary, "Beyrout, Syria.

"The Seminary needs a library of well-selected volumes "for the use of students, who are now sufficiently instructed in "English, in the Syrian Protestant College, to be able during "the theological course to avail themselves of the advantages "of English books. It is quite fitting that this should be "done by the church of which DR. BEADLE was, while living,

"the Pastor, as the Doctor was once a member of the Syrian "Mission, and always retained a warm interest in it."

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA,

November 27, 1880.

REV. HEBER H. BEADLE.

My Dear Brother:—

Your letter of yesterday has just come to hand. I regret to say that I had no notes of the address delivered at the funeral service of your loved and honored father, and I have now not the slightest recollection of what I said on that occasion. I do not see how it will be possible for me to reproduce any outline of the address then made. My respect, and love, and reverence for your dear father were so great and so heartfelt, that I regret this more than I can express. But that does not mend the matter.

With cordial regards, I remain very truly,

Your friend and brother,

RICHARD NEWTON.

He used to say:—"When I am gone, write over me this, "and only this,

"A Servant of the Lord Jesus."

The head-stone which marks his grave has, with his name, this simple inscription as he wished.

The congregation have placed in loving memory upon the walls of the Church, the following tablet:—

IN MEMORY

OF

ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., LL. D.,

A SERVANT OF THE LORD JESUS.

BORN OCTOBER 13, 1812.

PASTOR IN ALBANY, 1836-1838.

MISSIONARY IN SYRIA, 1839-1843.

PASTOR IN NEW ORLEANS, 1843-1852.

PASTOR IN HARTFORD, 1852-1863.

PASTOR IN ROCHESTER, 1864.

PASTOR OF THIS CONGREGATION, 1865-1879.

During his Ministry this Church was built and dedicated.

DIED JANUARY 6, 1879.

"Be thou faithful unto death
And I will give thee a crown of life."

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